

Hampshire Election.

S O N G.

Tune, "Liberty Hall."

I.

WITH Heathcote, Freeholders, what have we to do;
What are Courtiers and Placemen to me or to you,
To empty Pretenders will Hampshire submit,
The friends of corruption, taxation, and Pitt?
Derry down.

II.

This new fangled hero, by modes all his own,
Claims your favour because he's a tool of the crown;
For reasons quite new, he entreats your support,
Because if you choose him, he'll follow the court.
Derry down.

III.

Tho' supported by turncoats, to manhood's disgrace,
Who to purchase court-favour, would sell their own race,
May he find in the end, to old principles true,
That Hampshire'll ne'er bend to so shabby a crew.
Derry down.

VI.

Let Dock-yards be muster'd, and freemen compel'd,
Against law and conscience, their suffrage to yield;
The Minister's tools will gain nothing but shame,
The Hampshire Freeholders can play their old game.
Derry down.

V.

Be watchful, be steady, be firm, and upright,
And put ev'ry canvassing Courtier to flight:
Whate'er they may seem, they are nothing but knaves,
Who'll destroy all your rights, and turn freemen to slaves.
Derry down.

IV.

Remember Freeholders, what once we have done,
The same that 'gainst Chandos, and Worsley, we won;
The war, then with vigour, let's once more maintain,
And let Russell be ours, and Jervoise again.
Derry down,